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AMERICANVS
SUM

ISSUED
EVER
THURSDAY

Ten Cents
COPY



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"Fairly Bristling with His Darts."

See verses, page 100.

The Art of Letter Writing

may be acquired, but will be marred or made by the paper one uses. The fine correspondence papers made by the *Whiting Paper Company* can be relied upon at all times. The name of the *Whiting Paper Company* on a box is a guarantee of excellence.

Tell your Stationer you want *Whiting's*; see that the name is on the box. Take no other.

WHITING PAPER CO.

DESIGNERS OF ART STATIONERY

NEW YORK

THE EASTER NUMBER OF LIFE

now being prepared, will be dated April 7th and published nearly two weeks before Easter Sunday (April 15th). The announcements of high-class business houses are solicited for its advertising pages. This is an extra number, consisting of thirty-two or more pages of up-to-date illustrations and letter-press. *No advertisement will be accepted occupying less than one-quarter page, of which this announcement shows the exact size.* The price is \$75 for one-quarter page, \$150 for half page, and \$300 for full page. For a page facing an entire page of reading matter the price is \$400. For the last cover page, printed in colors to correspond with the front cover, the price is \$500. All of these prices also apply to the Christmas number.

This number will contain a large double-page illustration and other drawings by CHARLES DANA GIBSON, whose exclusive services belong to LIFE.

The cover will show an exceptionally rich design by ALBERT D. BLASHFIELD, printed in colors, and there will be many special features, which will be announced later as the work progresses.

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

19 WEST 31st STREET

NEW YORK CITY



Registered Trade Mark.

1900

Washable Dress Goods

At "THE LINEN STORE."

We now offer for inspection and an extensive assortment of the choicest grades of imported washable fabrics for the coming spring and summer.

MATERIALS FOR

Waists and Gowns
Bicycle and Golf Suits
Graduation Dresses
Church and Calling Gowns
Outing Costumes

for Mountains and Seaside

Examination is cordially invited.

James McCutcheon & Co.

14 West 23d Street, N. Y.

ANNUAL STATEMENT OF

The Manhattan Life

Insurance Company of New York.

HENRY B. STOKES, President.

INCOME IN 1899.

Premiums	\$1,952,975.25
Interest, rents and other receipts	754,463.32
	<u>\$2,707,438.57</u>

DISBURSEMENTS IN 1899.

Total payments to policy-holders	\$1,651,122.08
Other Disbursements	718,176.24
	<u>\$2,369,298.32</u>

Assets Dec. 31st, 1899, \$15,803,962.37.

LIABILITIES.

Reserve on Policies in Force	\$13,961,201.00	
All other Liabilities	216,020.12	\$14,177,221.12
Surplus, December 31, 1899		<u>\$1,626,741.25</u>

Total Paid Policy-holders since Organization over \$45,300,000.00

THE ABOVE STATEMENT SHOWS AN INCREASE IN EVERY ACCOUNT.

Increase in Assets	Increase in New Insurance Written
Increase in Surplus	Increase in Payments to Policy-holders
Increase in Reserve	Increase in Insurance in Force

·LIFE·



"I DON'T SEE WHY THEY MAKE SUCH A FUSS ABOUT THESE SLACK-WIRE PERFORMANCES."

Justifiable Embitterment.

NO, I don't think you are eligible," said Saint Peter, looking up severely over his docket. "I find that you were frequently sulky and sullen in your home."

"Yes," acknowledged the Disembodied, humbly, "I'm afraid that's so."

"And that you were habitually sharp and cross with your children," continued Saint Peter.

"I was," owned up the Disembodied, sadly.

"And you were grouchy and irritable in all your intercourse with your fellow-men?" accused Saint Peter.

"Yes, I was," assented the Disembodied, tearfully.

"And you squabbled and fought with all your relatives," continued Saint Peter.

The Disembodied bowed his head with a submissive sigh.

"And you quarreled continually with your wife," charged Saint Peter.

"I did—oh, I did," groaned the Disembodied.

"And you were given to more or less violent outbreaks of profanity," indicted Saint Peter.

"How could I help it?" pleaded the Disembodied, helplessly.

"And in short," summed up Saint Peter, relentlessly, running his finger down the page, "you were generally a cursed, cantankerous, cranky, crabbed chap who would not be a desirable acquisition. No, I can't let you in."

"But," faltered the Disembodied, "but my income was only a trifle over five thousand a year."

"That's no excuse," retorted Saint Peter. "You should have been content in that state of life to which—"

"And," continued the Disembodied, hopelessly, "my wife's sole ambition was to shine as a social star."

"Why didn't you say so before?" cried Saint Peter, throwing wide the pearly gates. "Here, you cherub, show this gentleman to the cosiest nook in the Martyr's Reward, and be sure he gets the most comfortable crown in the bunch."

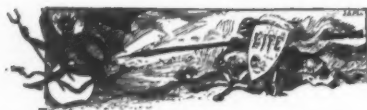
Alex. Ricketts.

TEACHER: Give the three tenses of the verb "To Americanize."

THE NINETEEN HUNDRED ORPHAN: Kill—killing—killed.



Isabelle to Annabelle: I THINK FREDDIE IS AWFULLY MEAN. HE SAID THAT HE DIDN'T HAVE TO PLAY WITH ANY TOY DOGS.



"While there is Life there's Hope."
VOL. XXXV. FEBRUARY 8, 1900. No. 899.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST ST., NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents.

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Governor ROOSEVELT'S Canal Commission invites the people of New York to spend sixty million dollars in reconstructing the Erie Canal. It is a good Commission, and its report is very much respected. It has said that there is no use at all of half-measures for the canal, and that we must either make a modern water way of it, capable of floating big barges, or else give it up altogether. The general opinion is that the Commission is entirely right in the choice it offers. Whether it would pay the State to make the sixty-million-dollar improvement is not yet clear. The Commission and the Governor think it would. So do a great many other persons whose opinions are entitled to respect and are respected. One of them is Mr. A. S. Hewitt.

Such being the situation, it is possible to observe the advantage of having for Governor a man in whose integrity, and in whose purpose to secure honest service for the people, we have confidence. If sixty millions are voted for the Erie Canal while Roosevelt is Governor, what will it be spent for? We believe it will be spent for the canal and nothing else. We don't believe that even a "reasonable proportion" of it will be diverted to building up the Republican machine or for any such subsidiary purpose. The Governors of New York have usually been upright men, but they have not always appointed upright men to

office, nor have they always shielded the public funds from being used to the advantage of their party. It is paying Governor Roosevelt an important tribute to say that he would be an exceedingly fit man to be Governor during the years of the expenditure of sixty millions on the Erie Canal.

The Governor, by the way, has won his fight about Insurance Commissioner Payn, and has appointed Payn's successor, with excellent prospects at present of having his nominee confirmed.



SO far as anything that has not even been begun can be said to be assured, the prompt construction of an underground railroad is assured in New York. A competent contractor has agreed to build it for thirty-five million dollars. If he doesn't qualify before this issue of LIFE is out, another contractor stands ready to take the job at a somewhat larger price. New York will be extremely pleased to have the tunnel road, but it would prefer to have it built in Pittsburg and brought here and put in in the night. Especially is it desirable that the hole for it should be dug in Pittsburg, or somewhere outside of our city limits, and not here. It will be an abominably large hole and troublesome in the making. The thought that we cannot have it done out, but must stand over it ourselves, and catch malaria, croup and appendicitis from the diggings, is rather appalling. Still, let it come. Some means of conveyance must be provided for the persons who crowd all present vehicles of rapid transit so that we can't get seats. If the people who ought to ride in the tunnel will do so, the rest of us will be able to lead much better lives.



THE House of Representatives has decided by an overwhelming majority not to allow Mr. Roberts, of Utah, to take the seat in Congress to which he was elected by the voters of his State. Mr. Roberts ought not to sit in Congress. His domestic duties are too multifarious for him to be a desirable Congressman. The more that has been published about

him and his families, the more general has been the desire that he should go back with them to Utah and devote himself to their maintenance. Nevertheless, the House seems not to have dealt wisely nor constitutionally with Mr. Roberts. He should have been sworn in, and then expelled. That is the opinion of the best legal authorities. Such a procedure would have settled Mr. Roberts. Now it may be possible for him to go to law with Congress, and, perhaps, win his case.



MR. BOURKE COCHRAN says that if the next Democratic Convention will agree to lay over the silver issue for four years he will support its candidate — Mr. Bryan, maybe — for President on an anti-imperialist platform. Mr. Cochran makes a handsome offer, and without doubt there are tens of thousands of doubtful voters whose attitude is very much like his. If the Democratic party will drop, or even postpone its nonsense, and interest itself in something that is of importance to persons now living, it will stand a good chance of polling a very serious number of votes next November. There is no vital objection even to Bryan, except his unfortunate monomania, and except that the fact that a man has once had acute illusions impairs public confidence in his ability to escape future attacks of an analogous kind.



AT this writing, all the news from the Transvaal continues to be highly prejudicial to British comfort. The intentions of the British generals are excellent; there is no lack of gallantry or of strenuousness, but all the exercises of which we get news persist in being instructive rather than encouraging to our British friends, and an area of depression prevails about London. No matter what poets may have asserted to the contrary, we all know that the saddest words of tongue or pen are, "We didn't know it was loaded." They are on many lips in these days in England. Very serious British losses of blood and treasure must befall before the situation changes enough to permit of a peace on terms that England would dare to accept.



He: I HAVE BEEN TO A DANCE OR SOME SOCIAL AFFAIR EVERY NIGHT NOW FOR A MONTH.
 She: I SHOULD THINK IT WOULD TELL ON YOU.
 "IT WOULD IF I DIDN'T HAVE THE CONSTITUTION OF A YOUNG GIRL."

In the Literary World.



GENERAL BULLER is busy on a volume entitled, "Held by the Enemy." Russell Sage has had bound for private circulation all the checks he has not given to tailors. It makes a large book.

It is said that Anthony Comstock has

in contemplation his autobiography. It will not be published until after his death, however, owing to the strict censorship that at present prevails over American morals.

Rudyard Kipling is writing another poem which he will refuse pay for. It is a sequel to the Recessional, and will be entitled, "God help us to forget."

Oliver Cromwell has written to the *Century* to say that if he had known all these things were going to be written about him, he would have done more things that were really interesting.

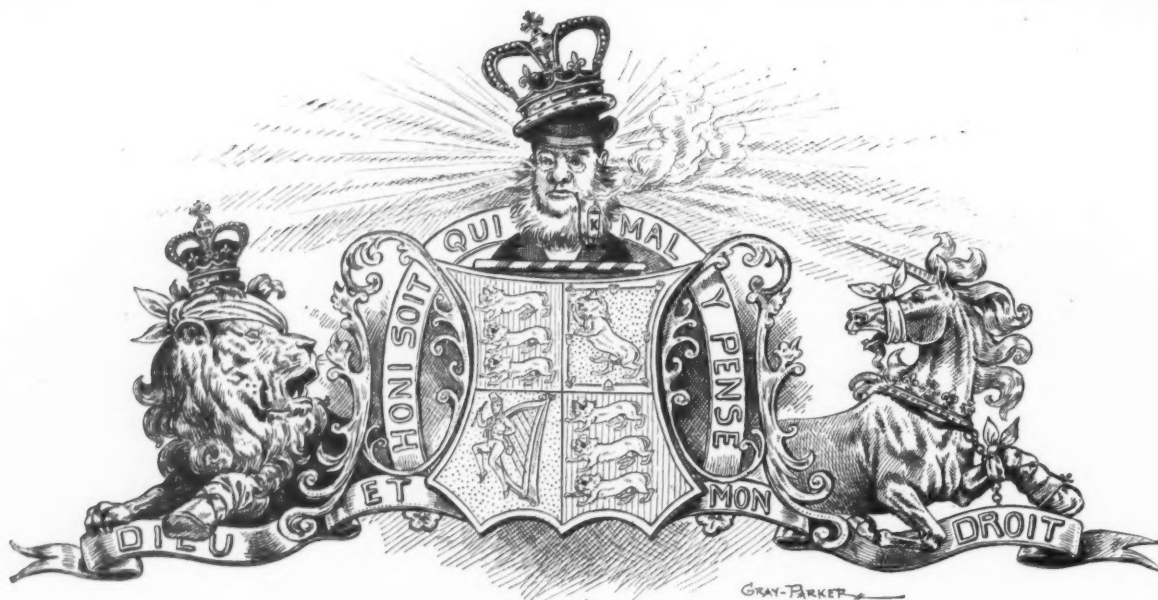
The competitors of *Buster's Magazine* are enraged over the offer of that publication of a prize of twenty thousand dollars for the ten worst short stories. They justly complain that some of their ablest authors have gone back on them.

His Question.

GRABBEHEIMER (injured in a railroad wreck); Oh, Tdoctor, Tdoctor! Vill I recover?

SURGEON: Oh, yes!

GRABBEHEIMER (greatly relieved): Apoudt how mooch, do you t'ink?



WITH UP-TO-DATE MODIFICATIONS.

BOOKISHNESS

Journalism and Literature— Two Ways of Looking At It.

TWO recent magazine articles have taken hold of the same question in very different ways. Gerald Stanley Lee (in the *Atlantic*) calls his thesis "Journalism as a Basis for Literature"; Robert Buchanan

(in the *Contemporary*) calls it "The Voice of The Hooligan." Both, of course, start from Kipling—any essay on any subject can start from Kipling. This, we may remind Mr. Buchanan, is a device he has learned from the "journalists" whom he berates.

The real subject of both essays is the tremendous influence of modern journalism upon what used to be known as literature. Both authors accept it as a patent fact.

Mr. Buchanan thinks that its influence is wholly bad; Mr. Lee thinks that it is a phase in the evolution of something good. There is about twenty years' difference in the ages of the two writers, which accounts for some of the divergence in their views. Besides, one is a Scot and the other a New Englander, and they would not agree if they could.

Mr. Buchanan says:

The spirit abroad to-day is the spirit of ephemeral journalism, and whatever accords with that spirit—its vulgarity, its flippancy, and its radical unintelligence—is certain to attain tremendous vogue. Any thing that demands a moment's thought, or a moment's severe attention—anything that is not thoroughly noisy, blatant, cock-sure and self-assertive, is *caviare* to that man in the street on whom cheap journalism depends, and who, it should be said *en passant*, is often a member of smart society.

Mr. Lee says:

The most threatening aspect of the daily paper of the average sort is not merely that it is making it impossible for a man to write a masterpiece, but it is making it impossible to find anybody to read it, if he does. It is taking the artist's public away. It is producing a public that never looks at a book except over the edge of a morning paper; that looks at everything in this world and the next and through all the nations from over the great High Fence of the Moment, built in the small hours of the night. It is a public that lives one morning paper at a time.

Barring a decided difference in style, they are trying to say the same thing in those two paragraphs (although Mr. Lee makes slightly the better score with his "High Fence of the Moment").

* * *

BUT Mr. Buchanan sees nothing but evil flowing from this prevalence of the newspaper habit. Already it is "threatening to corrupt the pure springs of our



By General Joe Wheeler.

IN the way of Irish bulls, I never heard anything better than the story of the Irish soldier in the thick of a battle, to whom a wounded man, whose leg had been shot away, appealed to be carried from the field.

The Irishman stopped and picked him up very carefully, and gathered him in his arms so that the man's head was over his shoulder, and started off with him to the field hospital with the shells screaming round him. One of them shot away the wounded man's head.

Presently an officer stopped the Irishman and shouted, "Drop that thing! Aren't there wounded enough to look to without your carrying corpses?"

"But it's wounded he is, sir," said the Irishman. "His leg's shot away, as ye see, sir."

"Throw him down!" shouted the officer. "Can't you see that his head is gone?"

The Irishman looked over his shoulder and then flung the body down in disgust. "Dom him," he cried, "he told me it was his leg."



"MISTAH JOHNSON DID YO' HEAR DAT DE BANK HAD BUSTED?"
 "I DOAN PUT MAH MONEY IN NO MOAH BANKS. I PUTS IT IN CLO'S. LET HUH BUST!
 IT CAN'T HURT DESE CHECKERED PANTS."

literature"—and if you don't believe it, look at Kipling!

Mr. Lee, with a younger optimism, and a more comfortable seat on the High Fence of the Moment, sees in the situation only another great opportunity for a great man to "achieve the impossible"—that is what all great men are born for. And this is the job which Mr. Lee cuts out for him: "To be a transfigured reporter, a journalist who is more of an artist than the artists, an artist who is more of a journalist than the journalists,—this is

the inevitable destiny of the next great writer who shall succeed in making headway in the public mind." This may seem a large order, says Mr. Lee, but it can be done—and if you don't believe it, look at Mr. Kipling!

There you are! Both have gone round the circle in opposite directions and arrived at the same point, and each believes that he has proved his thesis.

PROBABLY both are a little in the right and a little in the wrong; probably the noise of journalism has

obscured their clear vision so that the accidental thing of to-day appears to be the significant. In the meantime, Meredith, Hardy and Barrie sit apart from the hurly-burly and write literature in the good old way, so that even Mr. Buchanan exclaims, "Poets and dreamers are living yet!"

It is a very lively age, gentlemen, and it has been chronicled by some very lively writing. Judging by the past ages, which have found reflection in books that live, it is probable that some of the writing which the elect now despise may float to the top as literature. We'll not be there to see, and we can't help or hinder it now. The chances, however, seem mightily to favor the writer, who, in spite of journalism, or, perhaps, because of journalism, shall succeed in drawing "the Thing as he sees It, for the God of Things as They Are!"

Droch.

Proverb Up to Date.

NEVER look a gift horseless carriage in the motor.

Agreeing With a Woman.

A DOMESTIC TRAGEDY.

MRS. HATTIE TALKER (*showing her husband her latest millinery venture*): Do you think it's a pretty hat, dearie?

MR. FRANK TALKER (*who really thinks it beautiful*): Indeed I do, it's very becoming, too!

Mrs. T.: Do you really like it?

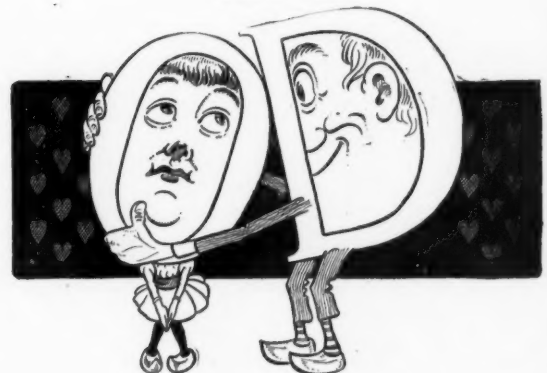
Mr. T.: Immensely.

Mrs. T.: Oh, you just say that to avoid discussion.

Mr. T.: My darling, I think it's a jewel of a hat.

Mrs. T.: (*after a few more gyrations before the mirror*): What a pretty hat this is. (*Pause.*) I say, dear, what a pretty hat this is.

Mr. T.: (*Trying to read the market report*): Ummmh.



"A LETTER PRESS."



FINANCIAL EXPRESSIONS.
"DRAWING ON HIM FOR A SMALL AMOUNT."

Mrs. T.: I'm sorry you don't like it. I had so hoped it would please you.

Mr. T.: (*earnestly*): But it does, and I do!

Mrs. T.: But that's all the good it does to try to please a husband. As mother always said, men never notice what you wear.

Mr. T.: But, my darling, I said—

Mrs. T.: (*musings regretfully at the mirror*): At the shop they all thought it very becoming.

Mr. T.: So do I.

Mrs. T.: I rather liked it too. This blue is my particular color. everybody says.

Mr. T.: So do I, my—

Mrs. T.: I was three hours selecting it, too.

Mr. T.: It was worth the trouble. I'm sure.

Mrs. T.: But then, of course, if you don't like it—

Mr. T.: (*desperately*): But I do like it! I love it!!

Mrs. T.: They said they'd exchange it if you objected.

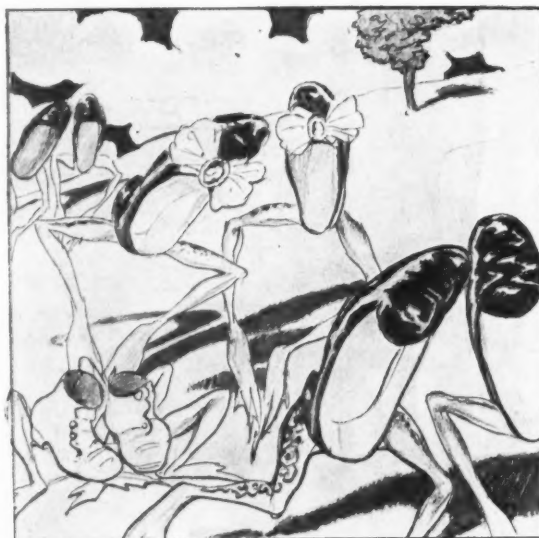
Mr. T.: But, drat it! I tell you—

Mrs. T.: Oh, don't say you like it when you don't. Besides, it does no good to try to deceive me. There was something about your way of saying you liked it that showed me you thought it horrid.

Mr. T.: But I assure you—

Mrs. T.: Then I could read it in your eyes, too. It seems impossible to get you interested in anything I wear any more. There was a time when you used to notice what I had on,

UNNATURAL HISTORY. SECOND SERIES.



THE PIGEON TOAD.

THE PIGEON TOAD'S a funny little beast,
He's found in every land from West to East.
The children bring him in, to our amaze,
And though we try to turn him out, he stays.
He's never seen with soldiers, nor with fops,
But with the schoolboys how he jumps and hops.



THE IRISH BULL.

AMONG the stock jokes it is oft averred
The Irish Bull is best of all the heard.
He has no points, he has no head or tail,
But many a jovial party he'll regale.
And all his hearers will with laughter choke,
Except his brother John, who sees no joke.

Carolyn Wells.



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When the Hunting Season Opens.

THERE'S something in the spirit of this February day
That quite upsets the seasons, and turns winter into May;
When pitter-patter in his breast goes everybody's heart,
For Cupid takes the hunting trail, with tiny bow and dart.

No one can tell where next his little instrument may hit.
It may be you, it may be I—he does not care one bit.
He puts a bandage o'er his eyes, and shoots without an aim;
And whether we may run or stay, he gets us just the same.

Sometimes he brings us pleasure, sometimes he brings us woe;
It all depends upon the game his little dart brings low.
When hearts are speared in couples, we are filled with rapture
strange,

But woe betide if one alone should fall within his range.

No use to try to dodge him, for his methods are not fair;
He can't see who he's shooting, and what's worse, he doesn't care.
It may be Aunt Jemima, or it may be little Tim,
Who is still in knickerbockers—who would ever think of him?

He's a rascal—this same Cupid, and the problem is to me,
Why, if we have not been wounded, we should always want to be;
While some, like live pineushions, fairly bristling with his darts,
Still bump against his elbow, while he's hunting other hearts.

We can't deny we like him, and no matter what the pain,
If he shoots at us and misses, we cry, "Cupid, try again!
We cannot live without you, we will face the certain woe;
But do not leave us. Shoot again! And aim your arrow low!"

Sarah Noble-Ives.

but I presume I have faded now, and you don't think anything can make me look well (*a sob*) any more.

Mr. T.: You are still the most beautiful woman in the—

Mrs. T.: You seem to be getting so phlegmatic nowadays. Nothing I can do seems to interest you (*bitter weeping on her part and pantomimic distress on his*). I suppose I'd better settle down to one black bonnet and be an old woman at once. Oh, oh, oh! (She flounces the hat down on a table and rushes out of the room.)

Rupert Hughes.

RODNEY: Lorenzo, didn't I see a suit of old Japanese armor hanging on your studio wall the other day?

LORENZO: Yes; what about it?

"Lend it to me for a few days. I've got to be best man at a wedding down in Kentucky."

IT is said in London clubs that the exile of President Kruger to St. Helena, in view of the prolongation of the war, is considered too mild a punishment, and that it is proposed that, when captured, he shall be leased to Major Pond for a season of lecturing in the United States instead. The general public refuses to credit the rumor. No government guilty of such inhuman conduct could last five minutes.



- GUS -*

Mamma Rabbit: SH—SH! BABY'S JUST GONE TO SLEEP!



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MARK HEATH.
THE TRIUMPH OF IMPERIALISM.



MARK HEATH.
IMPERIALISM.



How We Do 'Em.

A DRAMA IN ONE ACT.

SCENE I.



TIME.—Anno Domini ("Anno Domini" means the year of our Lord, Jesus Christ), 1900.

SCENE.—The Lobby of the Sheendicate Theatre. A narrow window, before which stands a line of persons in prison file. In the window a nose is seen.

FIRST CITIZEN.—What seats have you for the first night of

"The Dirtiest Ever"?

TICKET SELLER.—No seats. You'll hef to write a letter to the menedgement. (*First Citizen falls out and takes his chances crossing Broadway.*)

SECOND CITIZEN.—I would like two seats for the first night of "The Dirtiest Ever."

TICKET SELLER.—No seats. You'll hef to write a letter to the menedgement. (*Second Citizen falls out and takes his chances crossing Fifth Avenue.*)

THIRD CITIZEN.—Have you three seats for the first night of "The Dirtiest Ever"?

TICKET SELLER.—No seats. You'll hef to write a letter to the menedgement.

THIRD CITIZEN.—Why? I've got the money to pay for them.

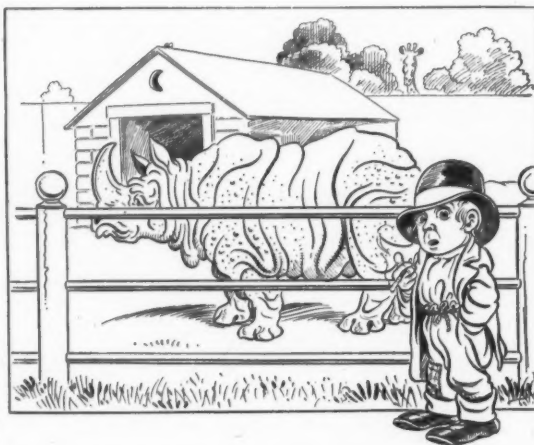
TICKET SELLER.—Dot mek's no diffurence. You'll hef to write a letter to the menedgement.

THIRD CITIZEN.—But you advertised that this sale would begin at nine o'clock this morning. Why should I, an American citizen, have to write a letter to your Sheendicate management?

TICKET SELLER.—Officer! D'his man is maging a breakage of der piece! (*Third Citizen falls out, with a policeman's hand on his collar, and takes his chances against the average New York Police Justice.*)

SCENE II.

The private office of the Sheendicate. A table covered with letters and symmetrical piles of theatre tickets. The walls of the office consist of cages, through the bars of which half-starved actors, actresses and American dramatists look hungrily at what is going on outside. About the table are seated the well-fed



"GEE! I BET DAT PELLER HAS TER WEAR HIS FADER'S CAST-OFF CLOTHES!"

managers of the Sheendicate, handsomely attired and wearing large diamonds.

FIRST MANAGER.—Vell, poys, we've got to gif up de zeats ver der virst nide uv "Der Dirtiest, Efer." Der blay's a fake, und der actors is bum, but der newspaper fellers hev done what dey was paid to do, und efry pody wants to see der show. Here's a letter from Bishop Potter. He wants three seats.

SECOND MANAGER.—All righd. Tell him he can hev two seats if he'll wear his uniform.

F. M.—Here's a letter from Mrs. Blot de Scutecheon. She wants a box.

THIRD MANAGER.—Gif it to her. She kept der familly chewels ven her husband got der divorce, und she'll vear 'em all. Meg it a stage box.

F. M.—Here's a letter from Kembridtch, Messojewsetts—dot's an insult—signed Charles Eliot, und vun, from New Haven, signed Arthur Hadley.

OMNES.—Nefer heard of 'em. Tear 'em up.

F. M.—Und, vot d'you tink? Here's Tottie Coughdrops; she wants five seats.

OMNES.—Goot! Gif 'em to her. Tottie's a nice girl, und vears good close.

F. M.—Und Ikey Grabalski, der bookmaker, wants a box.

OMNES.—Gif it to 'im. Ikey's a good man to know at der track.

F. M.—Here's one from Dr. Parkhurst. Three seats.

S. M.—Dot's all ride. Back under der gallery somevere.

F. M.—Dis is vrom John Knickerbocker.

T. M.—Nefer mind. Tear him up. Knickerbockers don't count no more.

F. M.—Chudge Goff. He wants two.

S. M.—Gif 'em to him—good vuns. Ve don't know ven we mide get pinched.

F. M.—Seth Low—he wants three.

T. M.—All ride. Way back. He don't cut no ice now.

F. M.—Und here's a letter from Isaac Wansenpulver. Wants five for himself und his girls.

T. M.—Gif him middle aisle, sixt' row. He's Kosher und de girls vill vear deir chewelry und deir big hats.

F. M.—Der Keptin of der Precinet wants three.

OMNES.—Gif him five. We need der pollee in our pizness.

F. M.—Now, poys, I put aside eighty of der best vuns for der abeculators. Blease count 'em, 'coz among bartners it vos always best to hef everything open und abuf board. (*While they count First Manager slips twenty tickets from another pile into his inside pocket.*)

F. M.—Andrew Carnegie. He wants a box.

S. M.—Gif it to him. He gits his name in der pabers.

F. M.—Der Editor of LIFE. He wants two seats und sends der money.

OMNES.—Gif him a box und send in a case of Ruinat Brut und a box of Garcia Perfectos. He's a goot vrient of ours.

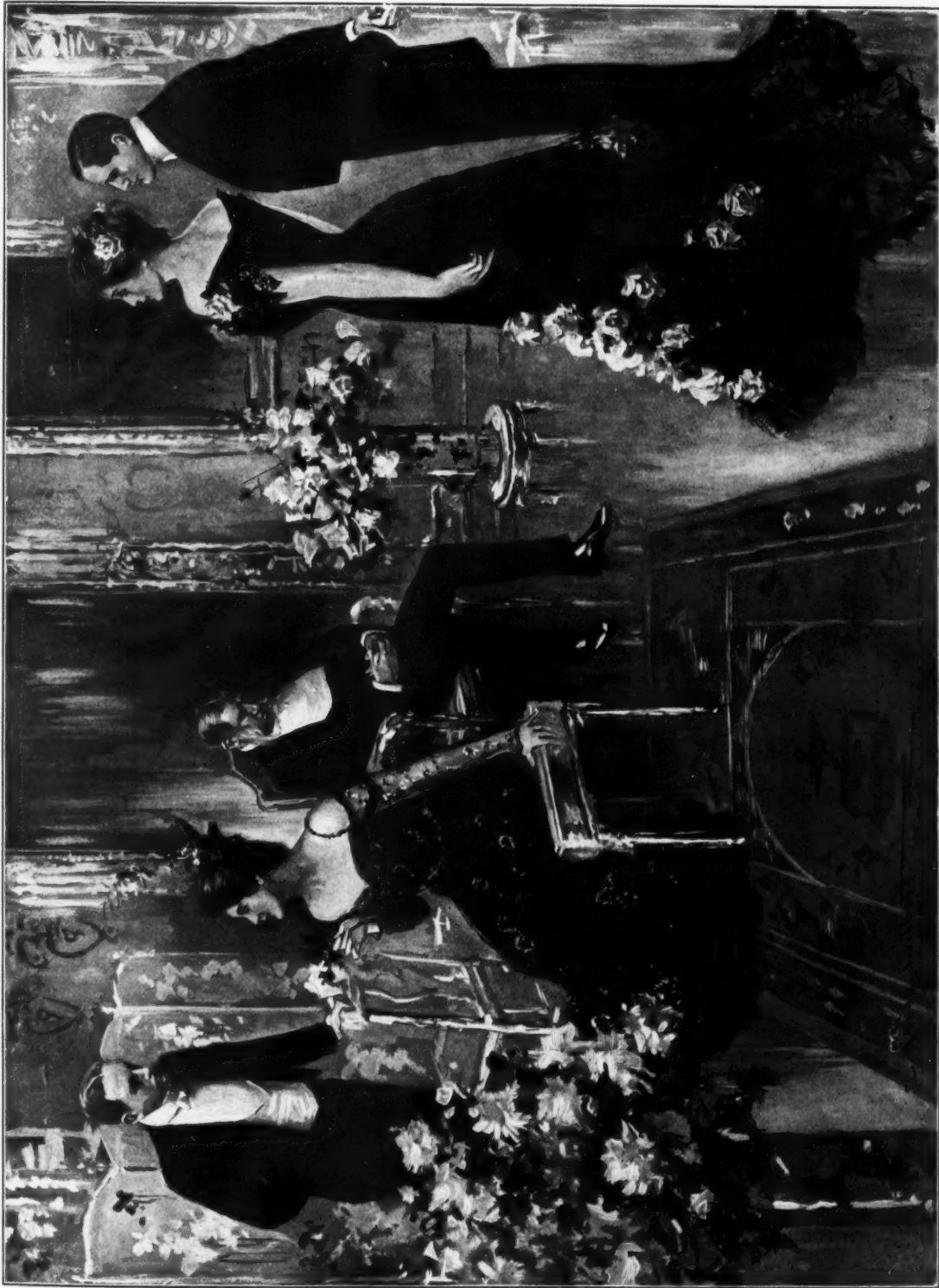
F. M.—Here's der feller wot wrote der play wants a seat for his vife.

OMNES.—Tear it up. Ve ain't in dis pizness fer our healt'.

F. M.—All der rest is Kosher.

T. M.—Dot's all ride. Gif 'em der best der is und send der rest to der hotels.

Metcafe.



"HOW DID YELLOWBOISE COME TO SELECT SUCH A YOUNG WIFE?"
"SHE SELECTED HIM."

For England's Honor.



HE Foreigner stepped off the gang-plank and looked about him in amazement. Women, women, everywhere women.

Big women, little women; young women, old women; coarse women, refined women. Women who, all their lives, had lived by the sweat of their own brows, and delicate women whose beautiful features were grimed with dirt, and whose once soft, white hands were black and calloused from toil. And all working, working, working; because in this proud, old city of London there were NO MEN!

Here and there were bands of little children from six to ten years old, giving their puny aid to the scarcely stronger efforts of their mothers, and the Foreigner, being a tender-hearted man, wept.

For a time he wandered aimlessly about the streets: in some quarters there was bustle and excitement; in others the silence and solitude of the grave.

"Cab!" shrieked a woman in mourning, and entering a vehicle he gave an address on the outskirts of the city.

After a long, dull drive they neared the house. It was a small,



16 TO 1.

ORIENTAL AND

semi-detached villa with a little, terraced grass-plot in front, and a rusty iron fence. A boy of nine was chasing a little fellow of four around a sickly rosebush in the centre of the yard, and as the cab drove up he caught him. The younger lad dropped obediently on his hands and knees, and the elder gravely straddled him, and paddled the most appropriate part of his anatomy with a grape-box lid. Just then the larger boy noticed the visitor, and he climbed off his victim.

"Is your father home?" inquired the Foreigner.

"Is my father home!" repeated the lad in indignant surprise; "there are only a few hundred men in all England, sir, and they leave to-night for South Africa. But won't you come in? My brother and I were playing English and Boers," he said by way of explanation. "Willie was the Boers. Willie, run in and tell mamma we have company." And, furtively rubbing the seat of his trousers, Willie ran.

"My name is Reginald," said the head of the house, "come in." And entering the house he threw open the door of a scantily-furnished library. "Here are some of papa's cigars," said Reginald, shoving a box forward, "I prefer candy." And from a jar on the mantel he took a large stick of peppermint and wrapped a piece of brown paper around the lower half.

"You are just in time, sir, to see the last squad of volunteers leave for South Africa to-night," said the boy.

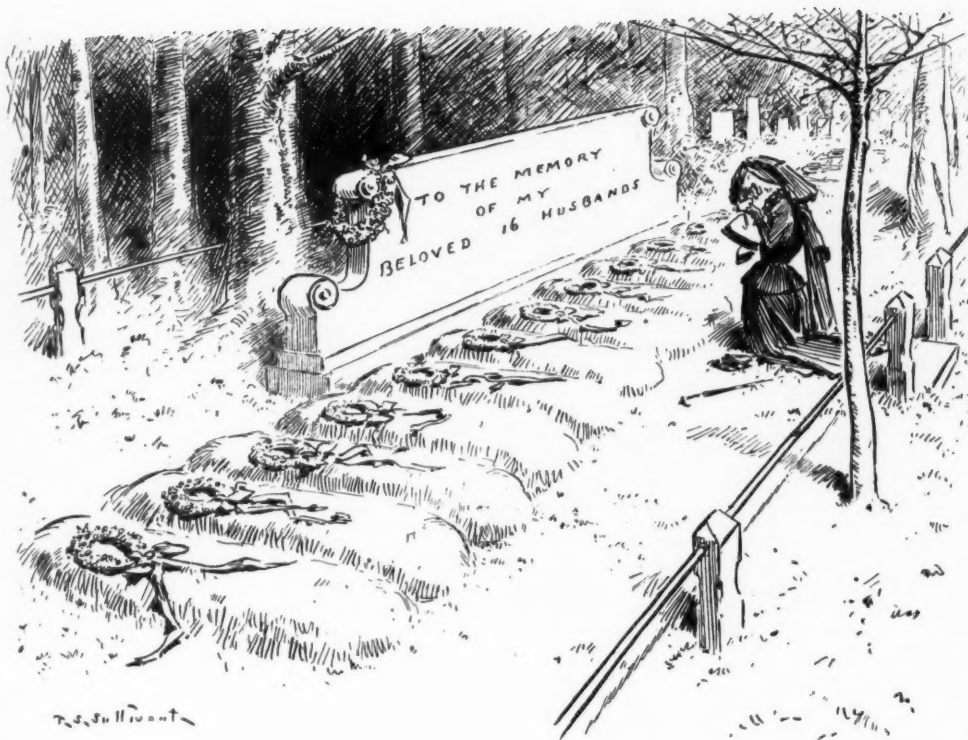
"B-but I thought you had an overwhelming force down there already," faltered the Foreigner.

"We only outnumber them twenty to one," replied the lad, sternly, "and the War Office is determined to put a speedy end to the struggle. England must show the world that no small nation shall dare to assert its independence of her. Shall a country be allowed to keep its own gold and diamonds? No! Shall a country be allowed to make its own laws? No! A thousand times no!! Not unless it is a bigger country than England," Reginald's eyes blazed with enthusiasm and his



L.

"THAT'S A FINE LAY-OUT YOU'VE GOT THERE, OLD CHAP. WHAT'S UP?"
"LIFE SAVING—JUST RESCUED A KITTEN FROM DROWNING."



OCCIDENTAL.

shirt-waist looked four sizes too small. "Oh, how slowly the days pass! Next month I shall be ten years old and, under the new regulations, eligible for the army. Then away, AWAY!—Listen!"

The faint strains of a brass band are heard in the distance, and as it draws nearer there is a "rat-tat, rat-tat" as if the drummers were beating on the sides of their drums.

"They're coming, they're coming!" shouted Reginald, and he drags the Foreigner out into the street with him. From every house and side-street the women and children come running, screaming and waving various bits of dry goods. "They're coming, they're coming," is the cry, "hurrah for the gallant 3879th!" and with a sudden blare of music the parade turns the corner and enters that street.

The Foreigner stands dumbfounded, for the gallant 3879th, the last regiment in England, is a regiment of cripples, and the "rat-tat, rat-tat" is the sound of the wooden legs and crutches as they strike the cobble-stones.

It is a pathetic sight, and as he thinks of the heroic fight these Englishmen are making in the interests of civilization, the Foreigner's eyes fill with tears, and he prays that success may attend the plucky, little nation in its glorious undertaking.

The Baldheaded Man.

HER Majesty's War Office complains, and with great justice, of the rude way in which the Boers do their fighting. It seems that the besiegers threw over a hundred balls into Ladysmith a short while ago, without once yelling "Fore!" Mr. Chamberlain is sending the latest revised rules of golf etiquette to President Kruger.

The Vivisector.

"YET, compared to him, 'Jack the Ripper' was an angel of compassion. He at least slew his victims before mutilating them, but the delicate art of the vivisector keeps his victims alive in order to exact the utmost horror of pain from the lacerated nerves, and to spin out to the very uttermost spasm of agony the exquisitely sensitive filaments of life."

So says our friend *The Zoophilist*. And this opinion is endorsed by all civilized peoples.

Uncalled For.

MANAGER: No, sir; it won't do. There is too much in the piece. You have invented a new situation. You have worked in three or four epigrams. It won't do. The public won't stand it.

AUTHOR: But surely—

"I tell you people don't want anything new; it makes them think."

"LAST night I had the most terrible nightmare I have ever experienced."

"What was it?"

"I dreamt I was trying to cross Fifth Avenue."



Minister: WHY, GEORGIE, I'M SHOCKED! DON'T YOU KNOW GOOD LITTLE BOYS DON'T SKATE ON SUNDAY?

"YES, I KNOW DEY DON'T, AN' DATS WHY I'M SKATIN'—DERE'S MORE ROOM ON DE ICE ON SUNDAY—SEE!"



THE PLAIN OF DYING HUMOR.

I know not what the cause should be
That Humor melts my heart no more;
That nothing now induces me
To roar.

In days of old my waistcoat heaved
Conjointly with my heaving chest,
As soon as ever I perceived
A jest.

The simple pun, the patent wheeze,
Would take me in the diaphragm;
But now I hardly care for these
A cent.

I almost fear—I know not why—
That Laughter's fount has been mislaid;
I could not giggle, not if I
Was paid.

And yet my health is very fair;
I harbor no religious doubts;
And am but sixty-four, or there-
abouts.

Time was when I and others laughed;
When many an apoplectic fit
Was traced directly to a shaft
Of wit;

For such would find the harness-joint,
And pierce the vulnerable spot,
Whether they chanced to have a point
Or not.

— Owen Seaman, in "Cap and Bells."

JAMES HAMILTON LEWIS once made himself famous by an exhortation of General Grosvenor. He illustrated the ability displayed by the General when scotched in discussion. Lewis said that he always fell back on the Stars and Stripes, and held his own with redoubled energy. It reminded him of an incident in the life of a gambler on the Mississippi. After pursuing his vocation a long time he became converted, joined the Baptist church and began to preach. It was his pleasant duty to immerse those whom he had converted to his creed. On one particular occasion the banks of the Mississippi were lined with people to see a baptism by this reformed gambler. He had a little grandson conversant with his grandfather's career, who, before the ceremony, had slipped a pack of cards into the old man's pocket.

"The time came for the baptism," continued Mr. Lewis. "The old gentleman, amid the hosannas of the throng, went into the water. All at once there slipped from his pocket out on the stream an ace of diamonds, then a king, then a queen and a jack, following with a ten-spot. Frightened with dismay, the boy's mother turned to him and said:

"Oh, Jacky, what have you done? Dear, dear, your poor old grandfather will never get out of there alive."

"Never get out of there alive?" repeated Jack. "Well, if grandpap can't get out on that hand he ain't the man he used to be."— *Washington Post*.

At a dinner in Rottingdean lately, a Royal Academician stated to the company the curious fact that sugar and sumac are the only two words in English where *su* is pronounced as *shu*. There was much interest shown in the discovery, when Rudyard Kipling was heard from the other end of the table:

"But, are you quite sure?"— *Argonaut*.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY: NEW YORK.

Muscle, Brain and Die. By Eustace H. Miles, M. A.
The Lute and Loys. By Charles Stuart Welles, M. D.
The Golden Horseshoe. By Stephen Bonsal.
How Women May Earn a Living. By Helen Chamberlain Candee.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS: NEW YORK AND LONDON.

The Stage as a Career. By Philip G. Hubert, Jr.
Folk Songs from the Spanish. By Helen Huntington.
Aboard "The American Duchess". By George L. Myers.

"My proudest boast," declared the lecturer, who expected his statement to be greeted with cheers, "is that was one of the men behind the guns!"

"How many miles behind?" piped a voice from the gallery.— *Philadelphia Press*.

"I see that Mrs. Kruger always cuts Oom Paul's hair."

"Say, you can't expect such a man to be afraid of anything on earth, can you?"— *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"Would you mind telling me how you became a successful man?" asked the visitor.

"Why, I couldn't talk about that now," answered the man, with a worried look. "It's too early in life."

"But you have made a fortune and engineered great enterprises and secured the confidence and applause of your people and—"

"Oh, yes. But that's all in my regular work. Haven't you heard about what we're doing now?"

"Why, er, I can't say that I have."

"We're going to give a party. It'll be one of the biggest ever, and you'll have to wait till my wife sees how I behave before it's decided whether I'm a success or not."

— *Washington Star*.

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England. AGENTS.

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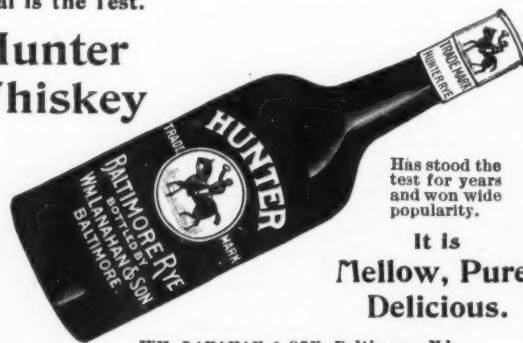
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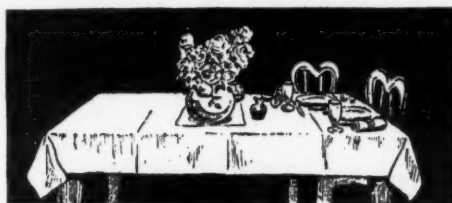
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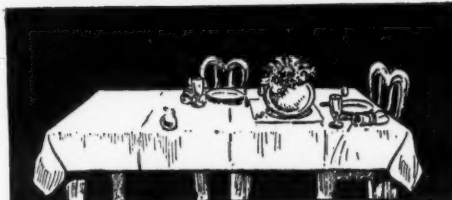
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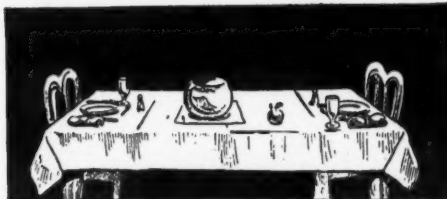
THE HONEYMOON.



FIRST MONTH.



SECOND MONTH.



THIRD MONTH.

—Humoristische Blätter.

ROASTS

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AND APPETIZING RELISH, IF
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OF FOOD KNOWN
TO MAN

As good a story as was told in the recent gold debate came from the lips of William L. Jones, a new member from Washington. The logic of events, he said, had overcome free silver logic, and the Democracy were now relying on the law of supply and demand.

"In my last campaign," Mr. Jones continued, "I met an old fellow, and we were talking about the price of wheat and meat. I told him that the price was regulated by the law of supply and demand.

"Is there such a law as that?" he asked. "I never heard of it."

"Why, certainly there is," I said.

"Well," he thundered, thoroughly aroused, "when we get into power again you can bet that we will repeal that law." — *Washington Post*.

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SHE: Don't you think it is better to marry for love than for money?

HE: Certainly — if the contracting parties are both wealthy. — *Chicago News*.

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"HAROLD," said the dear girl, "am I the only girl?"

Harold groaned involuntarily.

"Am I the only girl you ever told she was the only girl you ever told she was the only girl you loved?"

— *Indianapolis Press*.

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"That's what he'll do," said Miss Cayenne. "After you're married he'll lay the world at your feet and compel you to walk on it because you can't afford a cab."

— *Washington Star*.

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The recent death of Mme. Auberon de Nerville in Paris recalls a reply once made to her by Dumas fils, who did not enjoy a certain kind of lionizing. At a dinner at Mme. Auberon's one evening he sat next to a famous general, who was disconcerted by Dumas' chilly manner.

"Why do you not tell the general some of your witty stories?" asked the hostess in a whisper.

"Mon Dieu, madame," replied Dumas, in his most ingenious tone, "every one to his trade — I was waiting for him to fire off a cannon."

— *Exchange*.

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TIMKINS: Perhaps there are; but what's a fellow to do when he's out of bait? — *Chicago News*.

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SCHOLAR: Because they were wise men.

— *Philadelphia Record*.

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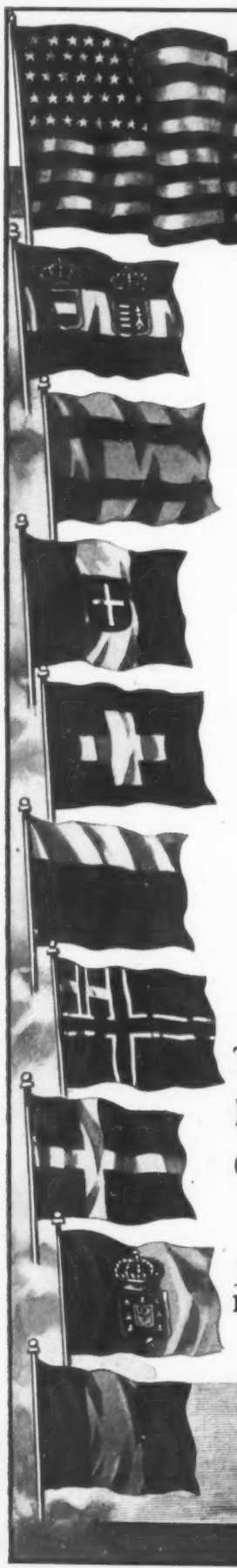
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